Throughout the Years

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by
Marion Naples

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author of "The First Thirteen Years are the Hardest, Mother"

Carol, Wilson, and Olive
Publishers Princeton

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I, Marion Naples, dedicated this autobiography to the future. May it help me and others in ~~any~~ every way possible.

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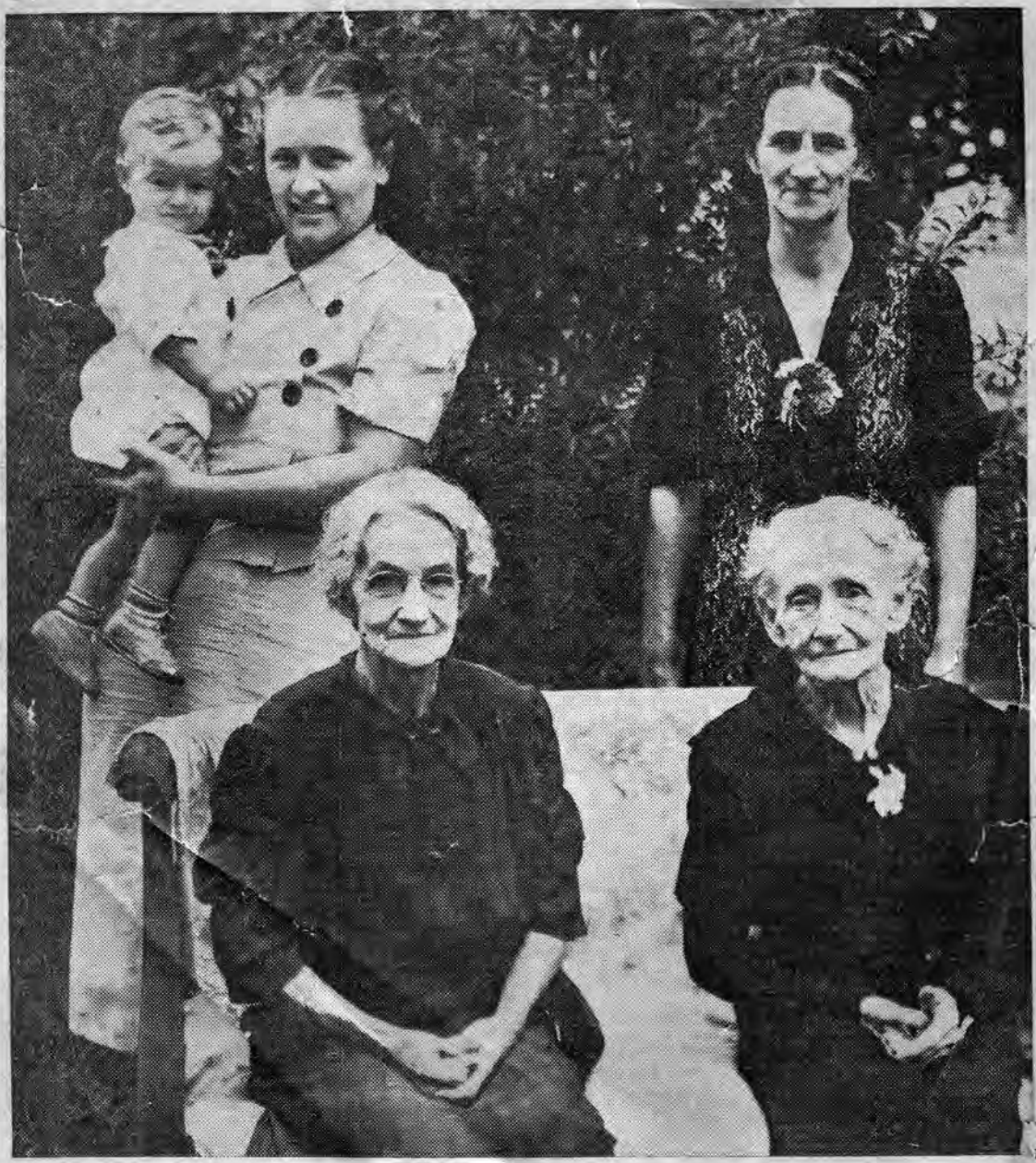
Preface

In this autobiography I am endeavoring to create a picture of my young life. Before you start this autobiography, I want you to clearly understand that I am not another Stevenson or Ludwig and never will be.

Five Generations in O[illegible]



Staff Pho[illegible]

Mrs. Mary Southard, of Chesterfield, boasts of five generations in her family. The five genera-tions, shown above, are: Seated, left to right, Mrs. Robert Lutes and Mrs. Southard. Standin[illegible] Mrs. Howard Sprague, holding her son, Carlton Sprague, and Mrs. Charles Burtis. Mrs. Lutes i[illegible] daughter of Mrs. Southard, Mrs. Burtis is Mrs. Southard's granddaughter, Mrs. Sprague her gre[illegible] granddaughter and Carlton her great-great-grandson.

Chapter I The Family Tree

Many of my friends and not so friendly acquaintances have found that I have a rather unruly temper. I shall know endeavor to show you why this is so.

I have a mixture of English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh and Italian in my blood and the Irish and Italian are a great help to my temper and stubborness.

The English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh all comes from my mother's side. My great grandmother on my mother's side owns a farm on which she has lived ~~on~~ all her life. Her maiden name is Mary Murphy and she was born in Dublin, Ireland ~~which~~ makes her ~~an~~ Irish. She was born in 1854 ~~which~~ makes her eighty four years old. She is a great great grandmother. The English, Scotch, and Welsh all comes from my great grandfather and grandfather.

Between 75 and 100 years ago a Senator Southard lived. The Senator's brother made hoops to go around beer barrels. Upon the brother's death, a street was named after him. This street, of course, is Southard St. where our school now stands. I'm refering to Junior No. One, of course.

My father's mother and father were

no reference

born in Italy, but came to America at an early ~~born~~ age. They settled in Trenton and have remained here. My grandfather died here several years ago. My grandmother has raised ten children all of whom have settled in Trenton, and have familys of their own.

Chapter II Family Affairs

Both of my parents were born in America. My mother was born in Crosswicks, N. J., and my father, in Trenton. Most of my mother's childhood was spent on Grandmom Southard's farm. She is the oldest of three children. Her eldest sister having died at the age of 8 years. My father was the fourth child to be born; two brothers and a sister preceeded him. My father has been an ardent fisherman for fifteen years and he still is. In November 1938 he caught the largest striped bass that has been caught in many years.

I have two brothers both younger than me. Danny, Jr., the oldest boy, is thirteen years old. He is the lightest of the three of us. Though he is the lightest of the three children, he has very dark brown hair and brown eyes. His complexion also is fairly dark.

Frankie is six years old and the darkest of us all. Frankie was born in the house where we know live. He goes to the Wm. G. Cook School and is in first grade. Danny, Jr. is in the seventh grade at Junior No. One.

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Chapter III A Noisy Bundle from Heaven

On June twelfth in the year 1924 at approximately seven o'clock in the morning, a hush had fallen on a certain brown brick house on South Broad St. The only sound was the soft pitter-patter of rain on the roof when suddenly, like a bombshell, a baby was heard to cry. I was the disturber of the peace and quiet, a habit which I seem to have retained. Before the afternoon I was surrounded by bouquets of beautiful roses sent in by neighbors and friends. Before nightfall I was surrounded by locks of my hair which had been cut after my mother decided I had too much of it.

Chapter IV The First Six Years are the Hardest

One day, when I was six months old, I had my meal interrupted because I had cut my first tooth. This discovery caused so much excitement my mother forgot to finish feeding me and I had to suffer til the next feeding.

At about nine months I became an explorer. I explored the vast unknown regions of my home. For this great undertaking, I was awarded many bumps and bruises.

When two years of age, I succumbed to the measles; my first case of serious illness. Otherwise I was a very healthy child.

At the ripe age of three years, I accompanied my mother on a trip to Atlantic City for my first glimpse of the great Atlantic Ocean. This was my first vacation and I enjoyed it very much.

Three years later, in 1930, I was vaccinated and sent to begin my schooling in the first grade at the State Normal School which is now being torn down to make room for a new school.

This picture was taken at Atlantic City

Chapter V - The First Half of My School Life

First grade was very exciting for me as this was the first time I had ever been to school. Most of the other children had gone to kindergarten together, but I was a stranger in their midst. I soon became acquainted with them and settled down to the quiet easy life of a first grader. This quiet easy life was broken at intervals by various holidays.

At the beginning of my second school term we moved to our present address. This meant making new friends and getting adjusted to a new school. I started second grade in my girl friend's class but after half a year in that class I was transferred to another. ~~class~~

In third grade I had my first stern teacher and I was ~~plenty~~ very frightened at first. After an uneventful year in third grade, fourth grade was very interesting as our class was half fourth and half fifth grades. We used to look at the fifth graders in our class with a certain amount of respect and awe, but we soon got used to the idea of the mixed class and the year

progressed quietly as the others had previously.

In fifth grade I merely changed my seat for as I explained it was a mixed class. Miss Maloney was our teacher. A very sad thing happened that year. One morning I started to leave for school when my brother Junior came in and told us our cat, Joby, was in the street, dead. She had been run over by a car. We had had many cats as pets but Joby was a favorite. We all cried over her death including my mother. Since then we have acquired a dog, Queenie, whom we like just as well.

In sixth grade we had the vice principal of the school, Miss Fuhrmann, for a teacher. That year we had our first taste of changing classes, though we only changed for two classes.

Chapter VI My Junior High School Days

Seventh grade was very different from any grade so far. The first day was just a case of being late to every class. The second day wasn't quite so bad, but I still managed to get lost. I started seventh grade in class thirty seven with Miss Waldron for a homeroom teacher. The week before mid-term exams six of us were transferred to Miss Hancis class, seventy seven, where we finished the year.

In eighth grade we had a newcomer, Miss Conklin, for our homeroom teacher. I was in class one hundred eighteen, a Latin class. I got my first taste of Latin and it proved satisfactory.

Mr. Ciccolella is our homeroom teacher in ninth grade. I'm in class one hundred nineteen. The class ~~has~~ has practically the same members as last year with some additions from the Catholic schools.